YC 14424

YC 14424

P S
2695
R77
C5
1890z
MAIN

UC-NRLF
$B 27 611

THE ROBERT E. COWAN COLLECTION
PRESENTED TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BY
C. P. HUNTINGTON
JUNE, 1897
Accession No. 69987 Class No. 985
R414

Jennie Kennell.

Chips,

"LECTURES IN RHYME

POEMS MESSAGES AND SONGS.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP

OF

JENNIE RENNELL.

[circa 1890]

69987

PS2695
R77
C5
1890z
MAIN

TO THE GUIDE OF MY LIFE,

MY DEAR AND HONORED

FATHER

THE REV. O. B. SMITH,

THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY

DEDICATED.

RSITY
ALIFORNIA

PREFACE.

In offering this volume to the public I (the compiler) feel the neccessity of an Introduction; but, first of all, would disclaim either credit or blame for the style, manner, or matter of the contents of this book.

The following verses have been written through my hand by unseen forces during the past year, having written the one entitled "My first poem," on the 17 of September, 1889.

Often have I written what, at the time, I considered utterly senseless and ridiculous; but, upon re-reading, have been forced to see the value of thoughts which I at first condemned.

Through reading and thinking of the subjects treated of, as well as by an imperfect, but still valuable, gift of clairvoyance, I have been brought to a full knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism, and now, having been advised by my spirit friends, also by those in the body, to make a selection from among the many poems which have been written in this manner, and submit them to the consideration of the public, I have thought it well to comply: hence this volume.

In calling myself the compiler, instead of the author, I have been influenced by *love of truth*, as I cannot conscientiously lay claim to the authorship of one line in this book—for I am not able to make a rhyme in my normal condition.

My main reason (outside of my desire to comply with the request of my guides) for presenting this book to my readers is my wish to put before them what, to me, is *proof positive* of spirit return, and their ability to control mortals; and also the hope that my efforts may be a means whereby a little more light may be admitted to the already *fast brightening* dawn.

The glorious dawn has come at last,
The gloom of night will soon be past.

and I would be most happy to advance the dawn of day, if only by shedding the faintest ray of the light of this grand and noble philosophy *Modern Spiritualism.*

I claim no merit for this work in a "poetical" sense, having no knowledge of what constitutes "good poetry;" but, I can safely lay claim to having given the reader something which is comforting and consoling, and which tends to elevate and ennoble all who may take the many simple lessons to heart—as, for example: "Do ye likewise," or "Bear ye each others burdens," either of which, if lived up to, would *revolutionize the whole world.* The last statement may seem a sweeping assertion; but, read and consider either of those pieces, and then, if you can, tell me I claim too much. I will not ask for criticism; I will probably get it without the asking. It is about the only thing one gets gratis under the present foggy conditions in which we live, move, and have our being. *But,* I *do* ask that due consideration be paid to the sentiment and moral tone, and that, *above all,* my readers will bear in mind that every line is written by those who have outstripped us on the journey heavenward, and have passed on to the future state of existence. Every verse is a message from the unseen world, and every word is an assurance, that, though a man die, he *shall* live again.

I commend the work to your consideration.

JENNIE RENNELL.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

An Address on Spirit Return....16
A Prophecy....21
A Vision....38
Address of Welcome....40
Ashes to Ashes....44
A Mental Storm....60
An Epitaph....61
An Address to Mr. Wells....74
A Prophecy....81
Address to Moses Hull....84
Advice from the Guides....91
A Warning....95
Bear Ye Each Others' Burdens....51
Be Guarded in Your Speech....72
Consolation....59
Commence the Work at Home....67
Do Ye Likewise....30
Dawn of Light....56
Dangers of Ignorance....66
Dawn....52
Encouragement....54
Explanation of the Object of the Guides....62
Encouraging Words....79
Fragments....39
Fragments....69
Gently! Gently....15
Gather the Grain....39
Glimmer of Dawn....50
Give Me the Eternal Truth....78
Heaven's Joys....35
Introduction....9
Intemperence....55
Justice....97—65
Justice....82
Learn the Truth....32
Life's Burdens....22
Love Rules Not Yet....90
My Message....14
Money....13

CONTENTS.

Message to Mrs. F—.....53
Message to the Compiler.....63
Message to L—.....64
Necessity of Pure Lives.....37
One View of Heaven.....81
Pluck the Wayside Blossoms.....41
Promises of Guidance.....46
Promises of Guidance.....77
Peace, Prosperity and Love.....88
Rock of Ages.....73
Scatter the Seed.....12
Still with You.....26
Spiritualism.....31
Spiritual Guidance.....45
Spirit Power.....68
Sweet Tidings.....57
Truth Shall Prevail.....24
The Advantages of Knowledge.....27
The Darker Side of Life.....42
The First Poem.....48
The Mind.....49
The Morning Breaks.....63
The Day is Done.....70
The Birds.....83
To Mrs. Scott Briggs.....94
Time the Healer.....80
To Mrs. Julia Schlesinger.....89
What Is Death.....25
Why Doubt.....64
Words of Cheer.....70
Why Should Mortal Mourn.....96

RSITY
CALIFORNIA

INTRODUCTION.

AN ADDRESS IN RHYME.

To the public generally, and to critics particularly.

Your poem, precise and proper,
We declare, we do detest.
We like good sentiment in rhyme,
Well put, and plain expressed.

We do not write for critics,
But to give a thought or two
To the general public—do you see
What 'tis we wish to do?

So after this, don't dignify
Our poor attempts in rhyme
By the high flown title "poetry;"
We wish no name so fine.

The object that has been in view
Is simply to give expression,
In the plainest, crudest kind of way,
And *not* to indulge in digression.

The critics we will never court;
'Tis the masses we would reach,
And through this instrument of ours
A few plain truths would teach.

If a leg or arm needs be cut off,
You do not use a pointless knife;
So 'tis with mental and moral ills—
Would you spare the nerve, and spoil the life?

If the blood is stagnant in the veins,
A thorough shaking over the stones
In a rude vehicle may sometimes cure,
And no danger either, of broken bones.

If a word too many or too few
Be used in a lecture in rhyme,
That may be excused, we think—don't you,
If the sentiment taught be fine?

If jingling poems you would have
There's plenty poets worth the name,
But for ourselves, we much prefer
To be only a rhymer—if 'tis all the same.

As for credit—that is not our aim;
'Tis simply to do what good we may
To those who come within our reach;
That is why we write this way.

So let the critics do their worst;
What harm can they do us, pray,
But to interest people in the work,
Which will gain by every word they say?

This is a sample for them to take,
And tear, and rend, and criticise—
And every word, for or against,
Will only serve to advertise.

How many critics do you find?
Not half as many as you think;
The greatest number look for sense,
And at the "meter," never blink.

Force of expression is what you need,
Rather than jingling words, void of sense;
And those who rely on silvery phrase
Will find they have but a weak defense.

So we repeat: don't call our rhymes
Poetry—for that we cannot brook;

But when the time is come, why then
We will put every one in a book,

And on the title page we'll say:
"Here are some lectures, my friends, in rhyme."
We'll make the distinction very plain,
And dodge the critics every time.

So that is the plan, and we will do
The best we can forever;
And success or failure is all the same—
To do good is our endeavor.

S. Z.

SCATTER THE SEED.

The springtime has come;
Go, scatter the seed!
Sow for the winter
The crop men will need.
Go, scatter the seed
Wherever you go,
And those who shall reap
Will bless those who sow.

Go, scatter the seed
Of knowledge and light—
Of wisdom and truth;
And wait not till night
Has closed in around you
In darkness so drear—
Work now, while you may;
Be brave! have no fear!

Go, scatter the seeds
In hovel and palace!
Root out the weeds
Of envy and malice!
Destroy the last vestige
Of dogma and creed!
And, in soil so prepared,
Go, scatter the seed!

Go, work in the field—
Each one who has light
Of knowledge to aid him
To shut out the night

That so long has enshrouded
The children of earth!
Go, scatter the seed
Of grandeur and worth!

Then up! and at work!
The time is at hand
When those who can labor
Are in great demand;
There's many poor souls
With life you may feed—
Then, up! and at work!
Go, scatter the seed!

Sit not idly waiting
And let the time pass;
But think of the starving
And sorrowing mass
Who grope in the darkness
Your help sorely need.
Sit not idly waiting—
Go, scatter the seed!

MONEY.

Money! What does it not bring?
Misery, pain, and care, and grief;
Evil and crime will ever reign,
Till from the bondage you find relief.
Watch the struggle, 'tis ever raging—
Brother against brother, friend against friend;
There can be few lasting friendships while
The curse of money comes between.
It spoils the brightest joys and pleasures,
It robs your lives of the highest bliss;
But still you grasp the mistaken treasure,
The shadow you gain—the substance you miss.

MY MESSAGE.

'Tis twelve o'clock! The mortal part
Is tired out, and worn, and weak,
But the soul would make each anxious heart
Glad with the words it fain would speak.

Oh! for the power to give the world
The blessings that are mine!
'Twould be my chief, supreme delight,
If the knowledge I have could shine
Bright and clear o'er all the land;
The happiness would be divine.

It shines for me so pure and clear!
It gives me pleasures before unknown!
It guards me from all care and fear!
'Tis far more value than any throne
In any kingdom on all the earth—
To *know* that death is second birth!

That my assertion is truth can
Be fully proved to any man;
And all the fear that once was mine
Is banished by this light divine.
To know, beyond the slightest doubt,
That "death" is *life*, will put to rout
The foolish qualms of every one
Who think that when this life is done
They must go straight to heaven or hell,
Ere they have had a funeral knell.

Relieve your mind of all such thought—
Your journey here will but have brought
You in the way to gain the light
To help your spirit on its flight
Through all eternity's vast space;
And if you live this life in grace
And learn the way for your return,
You may revisit those who yearn
For the presence here of one they love
And give them comfort from above.

This is my greatest happiness:
That those who've gone before may bless
My life with more of help and cheer
Than they could give while they were here.
For every day my way is made
More smooth by those whom *you* call dead.
I *know* they are not distant far—
That time, or space, is now no bar
To keep the dear loved ones away—
But ever with me, night and day,
Are they, so faithful, kind and true!
This is the message I send you.

GENTLY! GENTLY!

The two following verses refer to Alfred Dodge, who passed to spirit life.

Gently, gently, whisper low!
Out and in we silent go;
Careful are we in our tread,
He, we dearly loved is dead.

Dead, you say? Oh, no, he lives!
Back to earth his body gives;
But himself, his soul immortal,
Has but passed through heaven's portal.

AN ADDRESS ON SPIRIT RETURN.

NOTE.—The Compiler desires to call special attention to the following, which stands word for word as it was first written, and would state that it was written between 11:30 and 12 o'clock at night, taking less than half an hour. If any one doubts the fact that it was written through immortal agency let he or she try to copy even, much less compose, and see how much time it will consume. I explain it thus: The invisible workers prepare the verses before approaching the medium when they have only to take control, and as it were, pour through the physical organism the matter they desire to put in visible form.

Mortals, we would give you knowledge
Of the joys this truth contains—
It may not be taught in college,
But 'twill steal upon your brains
When, by your fireside sitting—
All the cares of day being o'er—
You will sense the shadows, flitting,
Of the loved who've gone before.

When the rush of day is ended;
When the worry all is o'er;
Light and darkness sweetly blended,
Cares and trials vex no more;
Then we come and cluster near you—
We who've passed to spirit shore—
Then we try our best to cheer you,
And our love upon you pour.

In the evening's dusky twilight;
In the deepening shades of night;

In those hours so calm and peaceful—
Then we take a great delight
In our visits to our loved ones—
In such seasons of repose
To make manifest our presence—
Our proximity disclose.

Feel you not the loving presence
Of the dear departed friend?
Do you sense the thrill of pleasure
When, soul to soul, your spirits blend?
When you almost *see* the loved ones
By your side bend o'er your chair,
Then you realize the blessing
Of the life just "over there:"

Hear you not loved voices whispering
Tender words into your ear?
Do you realize the presence
Of your friends so very near?
They are ever watching, waiting,
To make known their presence here.
Give the time and right conditions,
Then, to them, the way is clear.

Oh, for power to show the beauty
Of the truths of spirit life!
'Tis a sweet and holy duty
To bring harmony from strife—
To make conditions for the mortal
And the spirit world to blend,
And around your darkened pathway
Rays of brilliant light to send.

NOTE.—In the next verse he would impress on your minds the necessity for perfect harmony in order to get manifestations.

Be harmonious! Sisters! Brothers!
If you wish for joy and peace,
Let all strife and hardness vanish—
All your senseless bickerings cease!

Cultivate the better feeling—
Love and pity—each and all;
Then the loved ones, to you stealing,
May give answer, to your call.

Time is coming when the parting
Of the spirit from the clay
Will call forth no tears of anguish—
Will not cloud the brightest day!
You may haste that happy dawning
By your teachings of this truth,
That the spirit lives forever
In this life of endless youth.

NOTE.—He tells us how we may attract the higher spirits.

You may, by your lives of honor,
Charity, and love combined,
Draw into yourselves the presence
Of those who've left you far behind
On the heavenward journey pressing
To the realms of endless day.
They will come to those who merit
Their assistance—*to them pray!*

Raise not walls of iron around you
To repel the helping hand—
Make your lives as pure and perfect
As 'tis possible—your band
Will each one *yourselves* resemble
Like to like, you'll ever find.
So, make the effort to attract
Spirits of the brightest kind.

NOTE—In the next few verses he addresses the skeptical.

Is a doubting Thomas listening
To these heartfelt words of mine?
Seek the recess of your chamber,
Call upon the powers divine;

If you will in honor seek,
If in patience you will pray,
If in humble accents meek,
You will seek the better way

Then to you shall light be given,
That shall satisfy your soul;
Then to you shall come the dawning
Of the glorious day. The goal
You shall reach—if in true fervor
For the truth you beg and crave;
You shall know the sting of death
Is gone. No Victory has the grave.

'Tis to you that walk in darkness,
That these few words are addressed.
'Tis our heaven to minister
Unto the souls by grief oppressed.
We would prove to all mankind,
That the soul to earth returns;
That your loved ones hover round
The friends, who for their presence yearn.

This our mission to your earth sphere,
From our homes in realms of light,
We would give you joy and gladness,
Banish all the gloomy night;
We would show you paths of peace;
Hope and happiness restore—
By proving that your friends return,
To comfort you from spirit shore.

NOTE.—Please notice the beautiful manner in which he refers to three different phases of mediumship in this verse.

Listen for the faintest whisper
You may catch of loved ones dear.
Watch for scenes of beauty opening
To your vision bright and clear;

Wait in hope of inspiration,
From the loved who've gone before;
Watch in patience and in faith
For the opening of the door.

Take advantage of the opening,
E'en though but a glimpse is given;
'Tis the wedge you have inserted
To the entrance of that heaven;
That to the upright and the faithful,
Patient seeker after light,
Truth, and beauty, shall be given,
Gone for ever then is night.

Oh, how earnestly we wish
We might rouse all with doubt oppressed.
How great a happiness were gained,
Could we but give each one sweet rest
From fear of parting with the friend,
Who to them are by ties of love
United with the strongest chain,
On earth below, or realms above.

Could we but waken in each heart
A longing for this truth so bright,
That friend from friend need never part,
But walk together in the light
Of knowledge pure and blest and grand,
And no division need they fear;
Oh, 'twould be joyful thus to stand
And dry the mourner's silent tear.

Much has been said. Much has been done
To bring this grand truth into light;
Soon shall the masses know that death,
Has lost its power your lives to blight;
Soon shall the radiance of the day,
In grand effulgence crown the night;
And then the spirit in the clay,
Shall see the path and walk aright.

The closing words to-night shall be,
A prayer for light to shine on thee.
May each and every one obtain
The knowledge that your souls do reign,
And that through rolls of endless years,
You may arise to heights unknown,
That in this vail of gloom and tears,
You start the journey to the throne

Of that most high and glorious sphere,
Where all is radiant and divine;
Where all is peace and joy and love,
And where with brilliance each shall shine;
But e'er you reach the heights we name,
There's work for each and every one;
See to it that you make no stain
To be erased when life is done.

Seek guidance of the friends who've crossed
The stream, which you in folly, call
"The stream of death," with them for guides,
You have no fear of harm or fall;
They will uphold you in strong arms,
And not the least; remember this,
Among them will you find your friend
Ready to help you, your friend, BLISS.

A PROPHECY.

ADDRESSED TO MISS MAY IRELAND.

Your life shall be like a crystal stream,
Clear, and bright, and grand;
You shall not in the valley stay,
But on the topmost heights shall stand.

You shall have honor and renown,
And blessings pure and bright;
Fame shall weave for you a crown,
Ever glowing with pure light.

LIFE'S BURDENS.

Do you weary on your journey, friends?
Do you faint upon the way?
Do you often think the path is dark,
And life but a dreary day?

Do you stoop beneath the burdens
That must be carried here?
The trials that must oppress you
Of darkness, doubt and fear?

Do you sometimes grow downhearted,
And wish the journey done?
Do you tire of carrying the load,
And wish your race were run?

Oh, how well we know the sorrows
You must encounter here.
How earnestly we wish to give
Relief from trials drear.

But you yourselves prevent us
From giving you relief,
And still you struggle blindly
Beneath your load of grief.

Come—meet us half-way brothers
And sisters in deep woe;
We will be glad to strengthen
You in your walks below.

There's not a sorrow or distress
But we might bring sweet balm;

And in all your trials, dear ones,
We could leave you mild and calm.

Do not sit blindly down, dear ones,
And grieve o'er your sad fate;
Come to the light, and get relief
Before it is too late.

Let us be useful to you,
For 'tis our happiness
To come to those in sorrow,
And lighten their distress.

We ask you all who tremble,
Beneath your earthly load,
To take the light of truth to aid
You on the tiresome road.

And as you gain a knowledge
Of treasures that are nigh—
Within your grasp—if you reach out,
Smiles will replace the sigh.

And joy will dry the tear drop,
And songs be on your tongue,
And happiness will far exceed
The grief your hearts have wrung.

Then seek the truth, dear children,
'Tis easy to obtain;
Live in the light of knowledge,
That happiness may reign.

Oh, why will people not believe
The evidence of their senses?
Why will they hedge themselves all round,
With superstition's high fences?

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

TRUTH SHALL PREVAIL.

'Tis the age of advancement, and those who would keep
In the race of progression cannot waste time in sleep,
For the world is before them, and the race they will lose,
Lest they strain every muscle—every chance they must use.

'Tis now, that the people begin to awake,
And from old superstitions, they're trying to break;
They are just now commencing to use their brain power,
And to let *Common Sense*, be the guide of the hour.

The preachers, and priests, realize well the fact,
That their dogmas, and creeds the power do lack
To hold to the grindstone the nose of the people,
Who have minds that can reach far beyond the church steeple.

We hear and are glad that they're trying to change
The form of their prayer books, hope they'll give wider range
To the minds of the people, if they wish to retain 'em
Or else—we much fear, they'll never detain 'em.

The time has gone past to hold minds in thrall,
With old worn out creeds, they'll not do at all;
It is *facts* that are wanted by the people to-day;
Old doctrines and theories are fast losing sway.

And high time it is, that the people should wake,
And a much broader view of the future should take,
When the truth has been trying these thousands of years
To gain some few adherents in this "vale of tears."

'Tis enough to make glad the hearts of the few,
Who have struggled to show the false from the true;
To see that their labor has not been in vain,
But in bearing good fruit—like crops after rain.

May the shower continue to fall on the places,
Wherever the sceptic has left any traces;
And the power of the spirit, be given full sway,
Till all superstitions have vanished away.

WHAT IS DEATH?

'Tis only a change from gloom to day;
From darkness drear to a brighter ray
Of knowledge, clear and pure and bright,
From the cloudy, cheerless, sombre night,
To the grand hereafter—the spirit land,
Where we are free from every band
That held us in bondage here on earth,
Where we are made free by the second birth.

Our only safeguard in knowledge lies,
That we may not wander through the skies,
And trust to creeds to bring us home;
They cannot take us to heaven's high dome.
Good works are what alone, can save
Us mortals from the gloomy grave;
We should with love fill all our time,
Our journey then would be sublime.

Sweet charity should fill each heart;
From kindness we should ne'er depart,
The hand should ever be held out
To weaker ones given up to doubt;
No bitter thoughts should fill our breast,
No evil act disturb our rest,
But peace and love should fill our hours,
Then joy and bliss would crown our bowers.

The golden rule so oft forgot,
Is all we need to brighten our lot;
If all would live up to that thought,
They never need to fear for aught

The future may hold for them in store,
When they shall pass to that "other shore;"
Death loses its terrors for those who can say,
"I have done my best for my fellows alway."

Death is not the terrible thing you think;
'Tis only a step and you're over the brink
Of the stream that separates the two lands;
Then with friends you will gladly clasp hands.
'Tis all progression with never a pause—
You have only to live up to nature's laws,
And do the best you can alway,
And then you are sure of a bright future day.

STILL WITH YOU.

Ne'er give up to vain repinings,
For the friends who've gone before,
They've entered a field of labor,
On a brighter—better shore.

They will still give you assistance,
Though invisible to you;
If you do not make resistance
They will tell you what to do.

What a sorrow it is to them
When they knock and are refused;
How can you close your senses—
To the loved ones—so abused.

If you'd open wide the powers
Of your understanding here,
Such grand communion you could have
With the loved ones held so dear—

It would dull the pain of parting,
And then, the bliss to know full well,
That they understand you better
Than when with you they did dwell.

Oh, for a day, when this grand truth,
Shall be by mortals understood;
So much of grief, and woe, and pain,
Will be replaced by happier mood.

The glorious light of this bright truth,
That we offer to you now,
Would bless the lives of multitudes,
And banish care from many a brow.

The happiness would be divine,
If only all could know
That the grand, sublime, eternal life
Is only commenced here below.

And that the parting with the clay,
Does not leave those alone,
Who cannot see the friend, who hears
Their every sigh and moan.

They're with you, waiting for the time,
To prove they can return,
To soothe the pain, and ease the grief,
Of those who for them yearn.

THE ADVANTAGES OF KNOWLEDGE.

NOTE.—The following was given for a private circle held at the house of my highly esteemed friend, Mrs. Sawyer, of this city.—J. R.

Another door is opened—
Another spot is found—
Where spirit friends with mortal,
The festive board surround.

The feast of soul is furnished—
The bread of life is here—
The nectar of immortal joys
Is sparkling, bright, and clear.

The only food subtantial
Is found in wisdom's ways;
Seek ever for the knowledge
That brightens darkest days.

'Tis knowledge breaks the bondage
Of slaves to popish laws;
'Tis knowledge that gives brilliance,
And beauty to this cause.

'Tis knowledge that will free you
From creeds worn out and old;
'Tis knowledge that will be to you
A mine of wealth untold.

'Tis knowledge that will give you
Relief from trials drear;
'Tis knowledge that will bring you
Bright visions, life to cheer.

'Tis knowledge that will prove to you
That death has lost its sting;
'Tis knowledge that will teach you
With hope and joy to sing.

Oh, blessed boon of knowledge!
Thank God, the time is come,
When we with you may mingle,
In each harmonious home.

This glorious light of knowledge,
Enables us to greet
With words of love and kindness
The friends we here may meet.

The bread of life is present,
The nectar here abounds;
The friends invisible rejoice,
With songs the air resounds.

For now the day is dawning,
The glorious morn is nigh,
That mortals may receive the light
That's sent them from on high.

The teachings of the spirit,
To sons of earth in gloom,
Has torn away the dreary vail,
Which darkened every tomb.

And now beyond the portal,
You see the other shore,
Where partings are not dreaded,
Where trials vex no more.

You hear the loved ones' voices,
You feel their presence nigh;
You know we give you counsel
From those in wisdom high.

You may by still applying
Yourselves with patience, gain
A freer intercourse of thought—
A clearer sight obtain.

The spirit throngs are drawing
To you divinely near;
Give them the right conditions,
And then the way is clear.

Let not your lamps, now lighted,
Sink, and go out again;
But keep them trimmed and burning,
Let light forever reign.

Grieve not the friends who help you,
From day to day to learn
The way to bridge the chasm—
Oh, do not from them turn.

Weary not in well doing,
The feast keep daily spread,
And in the path of knowledge,
You shall henceforth be led.

Bright visions shall be opened,
To your delighted gaze;
And loved ones to you turning,
Shall cheer and bless your days.

And we, ourselves, will help you,
Your sorrows to dismiss;
Keep well in your remembrance
These words of your friend BLISS.

DO YE LIKEWISE.

Christ said to his disciples,
"Go ye, and do likewise,
And you shall inherit a kingdom
Of bliss beyond the skies."

How few there are among us,
Who try to imitate him,
And by good works and a lovely life,
Keep their lustre from growing dim.

Christ set us a grand example,
By his lowly, humble life;
His teachings should ne'er be forgotten
In this struggle of care and strife.

How he cheered up the afflicted,
And healed the lame and blind,
Even those to crimes addicted,
He did not leave behind.

But he comforted and taught them,
To gain a better shore,
And gave to all his blessing,
Saying, "Go, and sin no more."

The dead he raised up, even
When they had lain in the tomb,
And in all distress and sorrow,
He lightened up the gloom.

Then take for your example,
This SON OF MAN sublime,
And make an effort to follow,
In his footsteps all your time.

Even though you never do approach,
The grandeur of his way,
Yet every effort that you make,
Will bring you nearer the perfect day.

SPIRITUALISM.

What an immense, a ponderous theme,
Is contained in that one word;
With what a wondrous force it teems,
The most gigantic ever heard.

There's nothing however small or minute,
But what is permeated with spirit power;
And the sun, as its brightest glances shoot,
Gives a light more dim in its noonday hour.

This word rules the world; let sceptics say
What e'er they please—it changes naught;
They may turn the night into the day
As soon as keep back this truth long sought.

The grandeur of this philosophy
Should by all be better understood;
It never has been comprehended quite,
For the good of mortals, would it could.

The mortal can never reach the light,
Of comprehension full and complete,
You must be disencumbered of the flesh
E'er the full path is shown before your feet.

But enough of the truth to you will be shown,
To make your lot easy and calm on earth;
And think of the grandeurs before you yet,
When you gain a full sight through the second birth.

LEARN THE TRUTH.

An address in rhyme by BLISS.

NOTE.—The following address was read and received with much favor, at one of the well-known "Wednesday evening meetings," which for some time past have been conducted by Mrs. Scott Briggs, of this city, who is an earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

Oh, ye people—children dear—
  Dwellers in the house of clay—
We descend from ether spheres,
  O'er your path to shed a ray
Of the light so pure and bright,
  That shall banish all your night.

List! ye people while we tell,
  Of the treasures that abound,
Which we neither buy nor sell,
  But broadcast do scatter round;
Every day they're in your way—
  You should grasp them while you may.

Treasures which no gold can buy,
  Blessings of the purest light,
Over all the things of earth,
  Stands this truth so clear, so bright;
Souls immortal *do* return
  To the friends who for them yearn—

Do return to guide you here,
  Guard and shield you day by day,
Banish from you pain and fear,

And point out the brighter way,
Give you comfort, joy and peace,
And make your vain repinings cease.

These, the treasures which we bring,
Tidings of great joy and love;
Truth and knowledge we would fling,
In your paths to realms above—
That you may know through care and pain,
And death, your souls immortal reign.

Oh, ye people! wake, and learn,
How you may best employ your time,
That to your friends you may return,
When the flesh you do resign;
Learn the laws of spirit life,
'Twill save you many sorrows rife.

Learn the method of communion,
With the friends who've gone before,
Think upon the sweet reunion,
With those who've reached the other shore;
Not forever have they left you,
Nor of hope have they bereft you.

Not until the "resurrection,"
Need you wait to meet the friends,
Who by ties of strong affection,
With your soul their beings blend;
Not an hour, and not a day,
Once you've learned the needful way.

Oh, ye people! cease your moanings;
For the friends who've gone before;
Leave off all the sighs and groaning,
Open wide the spirit door—
Let the loved ones come and cheer you,
They are ever very near you.

They are grieved and saddened, too,
That you do not understand
What they try to say and do,
Try to speak, or clasp your hand,
Try with all their power to show
That they're with you here below.

Oh, ye people! heed us well,
Give attention to our voice;
'Tis a truth that we would tell,
'Twould make weary hearts rejoice;
Your loved ones are not distant far
Time nor space is now no bar.

Gather knowledge, oh, ye people!
Of the laws that govern us,
It lays not beneath church steeple,
Nor in creeds or dogmas;
But through the friends who've gone before,
Who've learned the truth on the spirit shore.

Learn of them the way to master,
All the secrets of the tomb,
If you would avoid disaster,
For the night will bring sad gloom,
If in ignorance you wander
To this shore—long time you'll ponder.

Weary hours will pass away,
E'er you gain the realms of light,
Progress now, the while you may—
Bide not in the shades of night,
Take the dear spirits for your guides,
They'll bring you safe unto this side.

Now, friends and brothers, we will leave,
We will not longer take your time,
We hope no more o'er death you'll grieve,
As o'er a flower plucked in its prime,
Remember, spirits do return,
So waste no tears o'er the funeral urn.

Strive to obtain the assurance sweet,
(Though time and patience it may require),
To be assured that you may meet,
With those you love; your soul's desire
Shall be attained, when you shall know,
That you only commence your way below.

That through the endless roll of years,
Through worlds and realms of glories new,
You may progress, and have no fears,
Of backward steps the journey through;
But ever march toward that heaven,
That to the faithful shall be given.

HEAVEN'S JOYS.

In that beautiful hereafter,
Which you journey toward each day,
What would be your highest pleasure?
What would for your labor pay?

What would be reward for trials
You've encountered here on earth?
What could recompense your troubles?
What would be of greatest worth?

Is it riches? Is it honors?
Is it high position there?
Is it pomp, and show, and fashion,
In that home so bright and fair?

No, oh no; my friend and brother,
These things give no lasting joys;
All this style, and pomp, and favors,
All, are useless, senseless toys.

All this style, and pomp, and honors,
Empty, useless do we find;
All that helps us to true pleasure,
Is the storehouse of the mind.

With a knowledge full and perfect,
As 'tis given man to gain,
Some faint hope of future pleasures,
In the heart may safely reign.

Hope of giving those in darkness
Light to help them on the way,
To a bright and glorious future,
To the blissful, perfect day.

Hope of giving those who love us
Rays of comfort in the gloom,
That our absence would enshroud them,
When the casket's in the tomb.

This is pleasure—this is payment;
But, my brothers, 'tis not all;
There remains the fullest measure,
Grandest recompense of all,

In this thought—that parting never
Need to be encountered there,
In that home of joy and gladness,
In that land so free from care.

Friend with friend may work together—
Blissful thought—oh, what a joy,
In the knowledge that no parting,
Need disturb, no grief alloy.

When we cross the mystic river,
When we've found the loved ones there,
Waiting to receive our spirits,
No more partings need we fear.

In this life, though blessed with visits,
Of the loved who've gone before,
Still we feel they cannot give us
Blessings which we find in store.

When the world, the flesh has left us,
Free to fly through air and space,
Then will be reward in fullest
Measure in that blissful place.

NECESSITY OF PURE LIVES.

NOTE.—In a sitting the compiler was asked to give her opinion of the reason the sitter could get no manifestations. The control gave answer in the above verses.—J. R.

Do you look for manifestations
From spirits bright and fair,
When the vice of hate is rankling
In your breasts, to us laid bare
Do you call for us to visit
Your dens of infamy,
Think you we can approach you,
We who so love purity?

Do you look for angels' visits,
In homes where evil thought
And practices are nurtured?
Are you no better taught?
Your bosoms must be free
From all unclean intent,
E'er bright and holy spirits
With yours may be blent.

Cleanse heart and mind of passions
Degrading, low or vile,
Purify your characters,
And keep your bosom mild.
Live temperately and moderate,
In every thing you do,
And then the friends you call for
May come and talk with you.

A VISION.

A beautiful vision one day I saw,
So grand, words cannot explain
The glorious beauty of the scene;
Oh, that I might behold it again.

Lo! with the wish the scene now comes
As plain as t'was before;
'Tis a beautiful floral arch that spans
The space from earth to the spirit shore.

This floral arch is broad and high,
And like to a tunnel in plan,
And naught but flowers meets the eye;
Describe them—I never can.

But every section seemed complete,
And every flower was fresh and fair,
Combining roses and lilies sweet;
And the whole suspended in the air.

Under the arch the waters dark
Flow on and on in endless roll;
An emblem of the stream we cross,
On our journey to the home of the soul.

As I looked through the arch I saw the land
On the other shore; and joy did reign,
In all that bright and happy band
There was no sign of grief or pain.

But all the flitting figures there
Were bright as angels all in white;
And clouds could ne'er obscure the air,
Nor could they sense the somber night.

One figure stood, in grand array,
In the far entrance of the arch,
And seemed to beckon me away;
But fear of the water, deep and dark

Kept me from traversing the span
That led from shore to shore;
I feared the arch would break, and then
I'd sink in the water to rise no more.

As the feeling of fear in me arose,
The spirit smiled and waved her hand;
But methinks she waits and watches for me,
To welcome me to the spirit land.

FRAGMENT.

Pour forth in joyous song,
Harmonious sounds of praise,
In that the night that was so long
Now breaks, and evil, sin and wrong,
May vanish in the sun's bright rays;
May vanish in the sun's bright rays.

GATHER THE GRAIN.

Up, up and be doing; the harvest is ripe,
The time is now come to garner the grain;
Rouse every helper to come to the field
And labor with fervor, and this your refrain:

We'll work in the sunshine,
We'll work in the rain,
The harvest is ready,
We'll gather the grain.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The following lines were written in honor of the return to this city of that justly celebrated, and most highly esteemed, platform test medium, Mr. John Slater, than whom, no one has done more effective work for the cause of Spiritualism.

Once more we bid you welcome,
Among familiar faces;
We hope no more you'll wander,
Away to distant places;
Without your welcome presence,
Among us once a week;
Like sheep astray we wander,
For comfort, vain we seek.

There's many substitutes we find,
But none with you compare,
None else can satisfy the throng;
None fill your vacant chair.
When Slater stands before us,
We feel that all is right,
We settle down in calm content,
No doubts our pleasures blight.

We recognize the medium,
We grant him truly great,
And may he be contented,
Ne'er to leave the Golden Gate.
We meet him here among us,
To give the sceptic proof
Of powers, invisible, but strong,
From him none stand aloof.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

His friends have missed him sadly,
From his old accustomed place,
And now they flock right gladly,
Once more to see his face.
Then welcome! Slater, welcome!
We extend a friendly hand,
Once more on the same old platform,
We're glad to see you stand.

PLUCK THE WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

Strive not for great things only,
The moments pass away,
And in struggles for sublimity,
Vain wears the weary day.
Reach out your hand and grasp the joys
That are within your reach;
Pluck each wayside blossom, friend,
Learn the lessons they would teach.
Do not consider pleasures
Because common are not fine,
Take what you may and pave the way,
For nectar more divine.
Go on from dawn to even,
Enjoying life's grand hopes,
And in the rolling billows,
Be thankful for the ropes*
That buoy you up and strenghten
You for the tidal wave,
And eventually will save you
From the gloom of the dark grave.

NOTE.—The "ropes" referred to, mean knowledge of a future existence.

THE DARKER SIDE OF LIFE.

The shades of night o'er the city fell;
The bells rang out the evening chime,
The close of another day to tell
O'er the hills and vales of that glorious clime.

The land of flowers and the home of birds,
Where the breezes whisper in gentle words,
And one might fancy that trouble and care,
Would ne'er reach the dwellers in a realm so fair.

But walk with us through the well-lit street,
And read the faces of those we meet;
There's pain and misery, care and griet,
A thousand ills that can find no relief.

Slow hopeless sorrow, and want we see;
You wonder how can such things be,
You see a semblance of prosperous life,
With your careless glance you see not the strife

That ever rages in the human breast;
The constant turmoil—no time for rest—
The struggle is ceaseless—the bonds are strong;
For 'tis mental fetters that hold the throng.

They grope in darkness through dreary days,
Not knowing the path to the light highways;
In darkness gather the festering ills,
Till hatred feeds on the heart it fills.

'Tis a preverted sense of the value of life,
And its pleasures that causes all this strife;
'Tis in grasping the shadow, and ever missing
The substance, that brings all this turbulent hissing,

And seething, and writhing, and storming throng
To the verge of madness; it generates wrong,
And vice, and evil, and all the ills,
That comes to o'ershadow this life; it distills

The dregs of bitterness, and gloom, and dearth,
And makes life valueless; all of worth
Soon floats away from the grasp, and the light
Of immortality fades from sight.

The spirits formed to be happy here,
Now seek in the depths of their darkened sphere,
The upward way, and unaided, alone,
They struggle where pity scarce hears their moan.

'Tis to be deplored that no more of light,
Can force itself on their rayless night;
'Tis sad by every sign to be told,
The one thing they aim for is gold—sordid gold.

That ignorant greed is the foe we must meet,
To grapple and conquer and lay at our feet,
Before we can give any lasting relief
To our brothers and sisters acquainted with grief.

Could the semblance of peace and quiet we see,
Be quickened to life, how happy we'd be;
If contentment and love could dwell in each breast,
Then indeed 'twould be time to indulge in our rest.

But, till this is accomplished, we should ne'er be resigned
To turn and leave others their own path to find,
Lest the call come to us to account for our brother
Who was left to our care—this child of our mother.

No need is there of elaborate schemes,
There's plenty of work—give up idle dreams,
And simply to do all the good in our way,
Will fill every hour till the end of life's day.

ASHES TO ASHES.

"Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!"
What great calamity,
What grief and woe those words attend;
What sorrow to the loving friend,
What great solemnity.

"Dust to dust!" The words are well;
"Ashes to ashes," should be;
But what of the soul? it mounts above,
And reigns in blissful realms of love.
Through all eternity..

"Ashes to ashes!" Be it so;
To earth let the flesh return,
But the spirit soars to realms of light,
No trammels of earth our progress blight,
And such grand truths we learn.

We learn that death has lost its sting,
That we may still give aid,
That we may comfort and sustain
Those who the mortal still retain,
'Tis thus our heaven is made.

Then "ashes to ashes" let us sing,
And "dust to dust" repeat;
When the house is useless let us find
One of a brighter, better kind,
With jewels all replete.

With gems of kindly human deeds,
  With pearls of charity,
With no dark cloud to dim the light
Which should with grand effulgence bright,
  Grow greater through eternity.

Then though to dust the flesh returns,
  The spirit may again
Back to the loved ones wend its way,
And give sweet comfort day by day,
  And prove our spirits' reign.

Then, "ashes to ashes!" Weep no more
  O'er parting with the clay;
The useless house is left to rust,
The soul is with you—"dust to dust."
  But the spirit has gained the day.

No more need clouds obscure the light,
  No more need trials daze;
But free as air the spirit flies,
To loved ones to arrest their sighs,
  And comfort all their days.

Then, "ashes to ashes!" but look beyond
  To where the spirit flies;
E'en let the earth have "dust to dust,"
The soul is where no gold doth rust,
  Where daylight never dies.

SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE.

Clear as crystal shining bright,
  Do the loved ones give thee light,
Ever showing thee the right,
  Never leaving thee all night.

But all the night and all the day,
  They will show the better way;
Ever beaming brilliant ray,
  Will they ever leave thee?—Nay.

PROMISES OF GUIDANCE.

MESSAGE TO THE COMPILER.

We have tried by every method
To assist you to arise
Above all earth conditions,
To the home above the skies;
We have labored long and patient,
To remove all detriment,
To your progress through the earth sphere,
A strong band to you is sent.

Do not our assistance spurn,
Do not try to walk alone;
By yourself you cannot stand,
If you fall you weep and moan.
Trust to us to guide you on
To the glorious perfect day,
Ask advice, and follow it
In each act, in all you say.

Do not struggle 'gainst our coming;
You are weak, while we are strong,
Do not think you can repulse us,
For the strife would not be long.
Submit gracefully to guidance,
Of the friends who draw so near,
Trust your future in our hands
We will save you pain and care.

Just so long as you resist us
In your weak and puny way,
Just so long the clouds will darken,
And obscure your brightest day.
We have promised to uphold you
In strong and faithful loving arms;
Our promises to you we'll keep,
And shield you from all fierce alarms.

We will love you as a mother
Loves and cherishes her young;
We will guard you from all trials
That may come from pen or tongue.
We will shield you from all contact
With those who would work ill;
And with loving friends surround you,
And with joy your hours fill.

We will so arrange all matters,
That no heed have you to take
For the burdens of the morrow,
But in peace each morn shall break.
Let the guides who have upheld you,
In their strong and close embrace,
Still continue to assist you
To your rightful, proper place.

Struggle not against conditions,
We have with much care arranged,
Make no attempt to solve the meaning,
Or our plans may be deranged.
Trust us now and for the future,
As you have done in the past;
We will bring you safe and happy
To the spirit realms at last.

Those who would live in the hearts of mankind,
Must see all their virtues—to their faults must be blind.

THE FIRST POEM.

A woman dwelt upon this earth
Of royal mien, and high of birth;
She courted was by all around,
Even princes at her feet were found.

Her lot was bright, her heart was light,
She sought enjoyment day and night;
She never thought upon the day
When from this earth her soul must stray.

In all her beauty and her pride,
Death came to call her from this side;
In ignorance her days had passed,
She knew not where to go at last.

She roams around in darkness vile,
Her soul not knowing all the while
Which way to go to find the light;
How drear, how lonely is her night.

* * * * * *

Let us all pause and think to-day,
Before the moments pass away,
What is the best for us to do
To gain a future bright and true?

Let us together think upon
That great change which to all must come;
And pave the way before we go
That we may bring to those below

Sweet messages of love and light,
That we may help them in the right,
And cheer them in their care and strife,
And show to them the better life.

Then sweet contentment here we'll gain,
And peace and happiness will reign,
When banded firmly, we shall stand,
A gallant, helpful, hopeful band.

Then shall our numbers still increase,
And into all a blessed peace,
Shall come and be with us alway
Till to that "other" land we stray.

Then from that bright and lovely land,
We'll come to friends and by them stand,
And cheer them ever on the way,
Till all shall gain the perfect day.

THE MIND.

AIR, "Are there no foes?!"

There are no chains can bind the thoughts,
No bonds can hold the mind,
The soul is ever free as air,
And bursts forth like the wind.

And ever on its way it roams,
Through space, and ne'er a wall
Though made of stoutest, strongest iron,
Can hold the mind in thrall.

It bursts through every bond and chain,
And gleams forth free and grand,
Nor time, nor space, nor latitude,
Can subdue or make it stand.

GLIMMER OF DAWN.

BY BLISS

Oh, ye children! oh, ye babes!
Think not you have learned to walk,
For in darkness pass your days,
Your wisest but commence to talk.

'Tis but the glimmer of the dawn,
That has burst upon your gaze;
You're not prepared to see the light
In all its grand, effulgent rays.

In fog and gloom the morning breaks,
In superstitions dense and strong;
The light has pierced the fog 'tis true,
'Tis but the prelude to the song.

There's forms to overthrow, and clear
The mind of dogmas and of creeds,
And ceremonies—priestly throngs
Who on the masses daily feed.

There's ignorance must be o'erthrown,
And knowledge reign where it has been;
All evil must be turned to good,
And love must rule the hearts of men.

All vice and crime must be subdued,
All thoughts impure be given o'er,
All evil practices resigned,
Ere full light breaks upon your shores.

The mist is dark—the fog is dense,
Yet light shall flicker through the gloom,
And brighten every heart and mind,
Which once was like the dreary tomb.

'Tis in the reach of every one,
The blessing of this glorious day;
But you must first prepare yourselves,
And for these granduers pave the way.

BEAR YE EACH OTHER'S BURDENS.

How grand it is to feel and know,
That we all can do our share
To help each other on the way,
To a brighter future "over there."

We can do our share and give our mite,
Be it only a word or a smile,
To help each other over the rocks,
That lay in our paths all the while.

If only this grand truth were known,
And lived up to as it could be,
Much less of sorrow and of care,
Of trouble and grief we should see.

The truth we refer to is simply this—
That every good deed you do,
Rebounds with force unto yourself,
And gives double the pleasure to you.

'Tis more blessed to give than to receive,
The prophets of old did say;
If you would know you can soon be assured,
Go try it, my friends, to day.

You'll find your highest pleasure lies
In doing some simple thing,
That will bring a glad light to anothers' eyes,
That will joy and comfort bring.

Go try this cure I recommend,
If you're feeling lone or sad,
Try to bring some help to your fellowmen,
'Twill make your heart feel glad.

Go try it, now, and be convinced
You soon will see the truth I would show,
Don't think I speak of what I know not,
I've tried it—and I know.

DAWN.

A PROPHECY.

The glorious dawn has come at last,
The darkness soon will all be past,
The sun's bright gleams will pierce the night,
And sons of earth will see aright.

The power of truth shall be made known,
The seeds bear fruit which ye have sown,
The flowers that bloom will take new dyes
Of beauty to the opened eyes.

The land shall ring with praises high,
Of those who erstwhile feared to die,
Not knowing that their souls might reign
In freedom from all care and pain.

The lives ye lead of gloom and fear,
The sigh of grief—the mourner's tear,
Will soon give place to calm content,
Sweet peace and gladness will be blent.

BLISS.

MESSAGE WRITTEN THROUGH THE COMILER'S HAND FOR MRS. F., OF BERKELEY, CAL.

Loved friend of my heart
Do not think of repining
Nor mourn me as lost though I've passed from your view
Who no time nor no space
Has power of confining,
Who now, as in earth-life, thinks only of you.

Be happy—be joyous—
And think of the pleasures,
That open before us when power has been found
To enter the portals
To all the bright treasures
That we may possess—they abundant abound.

Believe me, think not
That the past is forgotten,
And fading to vapor in joys of new light;
No! the ties are more strong
And the bond is much closer
That unites and enchains us, true friends of the right.

The time that we spend
In our efforts to mingle
The spirit and mortal is time well employed;
And the fruit of our labor,
Shall be pure and lasting,
And pleasures and progress shall be our reward.

Loved friend of my heart,
I no longer can tarry
The instrument is not prepared to receive
The thoughts I would pour out
In streams of full measure,
And you—even you, would my words scarce believe.

GEORGE ———

ENCOURAGEMENT.

The following was given clairaudiently as a song—the compiler was afterward assisted by the control to copy it.

Be ye not so weak,
Jennie, dear;
Be ye not so meek;
Have no fear,
For we will ever stand,
A strong and helpful band,
Always at your right hand,
Jennie, dear.

Then be ye not cast down,
Jennie, dear;
Though some may on you frown,
We are near.
You shall triumph at the last,
All you trials soon be past,
All darkness from you cast,
Jennie, dear.

Then cheer up your heart again,
Jennie, dear;
From your weeping now refrain,
Skies shall clear.
Then let gladness fill your heart,
You have had of grief your part,
In life take a fresh start,
Jennie, dear.

INTEMPERANCE.

Why should this evil in our land,
Be given full license and full sway?
Why should the brightest of our band,
Be doomed to ruin and decay?

The tempting bowl is doing more
Than all diseases, in one combined,
To sap the strength and grieve full sore
The loving ones; it wrecks the mind,

Destroys the sense of truth and right,
It blears the eye, bedims the gaze,
And leaves its victim void of sight,
And opes for him the broad highways

That lead the way to vice and crime;
And all of manhood or of worth
Are swallowed up in little time;
A mental wreck he roams the earth.

The saddened ones who love him well,
Can only grieve to see the end
Swiftly approaching; who can tell
The sorrow of the loving friend.

Who can but wait and see the life
Of him held dearest to the heart
Obscured and clouded? Sorrows rife
O'erwhelm with grief; must they so part?

How many a happy home has been
Laid waste by these foes, rum and wine.
How many an intellect destroyed,
That might have gleamed out fine.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

How many an aged mother weeps
E'en now for her darling boy,
Who, but for wine, might have had all
That fills this life with joy.

How many a loving wife in tears,
Waits nightly the approach,
In anxious terror and in fear
Of the husband. No reproach

More plain to see than face so wan,
The hair already gray;
He who should bless her life has been
Her bane; such is her pay.

Oh! 'tis a thing that should be driven
From out our home and land,
Each one of us should do our best.
For Temperance, boldly stand.

DAWN OF LIGHT.

The light is breaking o'er all the land,
The glorious light of reason;
The darkness is vanishing from our band,
And now comes the beautiful season,

When friend to friend can once more stand
Though the spirit of one is free;
And the other the mortal still retains—
What a glorious thought for me.

What a beautiful thought to know full well,
That although we leave the material,
We still can do our work on earth
When we've joined the grand army etherial.

SWEET TIDINGS.

BLISS

Give heed, oh, ye people! list well to my voice!
Hear what I've to say, I would make you rejoice.
I've tidings to tell you so grand and so sweet,
Of friends who you ne'er more expected to meet.

I assure you they're with you where'er you may go,
To love and protect you and shield you from woe.
They care for you, comfort you, shield you from harm,
And 'twixt you and misfortune would extend a strong arm.

The friends that I speak of, are those you call dead;
In green, quiet, graveyards you've made them their beds;
But its only the shell you have laid in the ground,
'Tis only the mortal that sleeps neath that mound.

The soul has outridden the tempest-tossed sea,
And from all earth conditions forever is free;
Free to progress on, in the grand realms of thought,
The trials and hardships of earth now are naught.

Free to come to the friends they loved dearly while here,
As dear to them now in the etherial sphere;
The ties that enthrall us so closely are strong,
And we cling to the earth friends to shield them from wrong.

We love the earth friends and as long as they stay,
Upon the earth sphere we would brighten their way,
And shed a sweet radiance around them to guide
Them safe to the glories that wait on this side.

Then think not your friend is for evermore lost,
Not till the 'great trumpet' shall sound ere he cross
The still mystic stream to return to your side,
With love and affection with you to abide.

Your spirit friends hover around you each night,
They await to attend you in radiance bright,
They try to give proof of their presence with you,
And guide you to fountains of knowledge so true.

Be you not the one to impede the reunion,
Stand not in the way to retard free comunion
With those spirit friends who are waiting to speak,
To show you they live and your happiness seek.

They cluster around you by night and by day,
In hope to gain power words of comfort to say;
They need but the chance to burst every band,
That prevents you from clasping the dear loved one's hand.

They wait for conditions that they may remove,
Every doubt in your mind, and to you they will prove
That the shell you have buried is nothing but clay,
And worn out, or useless, they've laid it away.

Do not, I implore you, the error embrace,
That never again you may see the dear face
Of the loved ones transplanted from earth to the skies,
There to reign in all granduer where love never dies.

For they find all their heaven in coming again,
Back to the earth friends to relieve them from pain,
And give them the solace and sweet sympathy,
That will bear them up under all iniquity.

With friends in the spirit who are constant and true,
No danger need fright you, they'll advise what to do;
They'll ever be faithful, and watchful, and kind,
And when e'er you turn to them you will comfort find.

Then rejoice, oh, ye people! in that the bright day
Now dawns on your clouded and dismal pathway,
Rejoice, and be glad, that the gloom of the night
Is replaced by the sun-light of truth flashing bright.

CONSOLATION.

Message to the Compiler.

When day is done and when the sun,
Sinks into rest, then we
Come to your side, there to abide,
And let you glimpses see

Of worlds above, where boundless love,
And happiness do reign,
Where souls find rest and o'er each breast
May come no grief, nor pain.

We love to fly to those who sigh,
In sorrow's grim embrace,
To cheer their heart and to impart,
Sweet joy in sadness' place.

We come to cheer your pathway here,
And make your lives more blest;
That when the sun his race has run,
You may enjoy sweet rest.

We bring you peace, your cares shall cease,
Or, lose their power to sting,
When this truth bright, has banished night
In joyous strains you'll sing.

This is our heaven, to us is given,
The power to cheer your heart
With visions of the realms above,
Where friends need never part.

A MENTAL STORM.

In a barren, desolate waste I stand,
And the mists arise on every hand,
And gloom, and storm, pervade the air,
And thunderclouds float everywhere.

Now comes the wind—at first quite mild—
Anon it raises—now how wild
It tears and rends all in its way
In all its fury—watch the fray.

The trees and shrubs before it fall,
And now it strikes against yonder wall,
The one remainder of an habitation,
In all this gloomy desolation.

The wall goes down before its force;
Why stand I here? what is the source
Of strength and firmness I possess?
'Tis spirit friends who round me press,

And brace me for the wind and rain,
And cherish me from bitter pain,
And give me strength to endure the storm,
And ever keep me safe from harm.

PART II.

And now I see the mists arise,
They float in vapor to the skies;
The wind so fierce, but now is gone,
And a glorious light on all now dawns.

The wind so fierce has been most kind,
For it cleared the mists, and now I find
The beauties that dawn before my gaze,
Are far more glorious than the rays

Of sunlight that ere now I saw
Through mists so dense, that every flaw
In friend or foe, seemed twice as dark
As now, when lit by the brighter spark

Of an inward light that has been given,
To show the path to yon bright heaven;
So, though the storm be fierce and wild,
'Tis a blessing so it leaves us mild,

And calm and true and ever kind,
So, though the storm and rain and wind
Sweep o'er us here, we must bear in mind
'Tis for our good—and no fault find.

But be most thankful for the light,
That dawns upon the rayless night;
And ever bless the storms that clear
The gloom and mists from the atmosphere.

AN EPITAPH.

Write on her tombstone when she is gone,
Here lies a body whose heart was warm,
Impulsive, impetuous, and whose mind
Was ever yearning for some kind
Of great, ennobling and beautiful thought;
Who this world's riches counted as naught
Beside the great truth which dawned on her life,
After her youth had passed in sorrow and strife.
Her spirit was restless and always torn
This way and that till the body was worn,
And useless at last she laid it down,
To take for herself the immortal crown.
Let us hope her life on the other side
Will encounter less strife than when she did abide,
With mortals here who could not understand,
The longing nature for a life more grand.

EXPLANATION OF THE OBJECT OF THE GUIDES.

The compiler had been influenced to offer her rooms for a course of lectures on esoteric science by Mr. N. F. Ravlin, and the following was given in explanation of the reason for so doing—reference is made to a spirit who left the body under unfavorable conditons, and who had been permitted to come to the compiler to be assisted.

Through many channels deep and shallow
We sow the seed and plow the fallow,
And many times your mind is vexed
In efforts to learn what we may do next.

Now rest assured that arms most strong,
Will hold the reins as we drive along;
And brains that think and plan the work,
Will ever see where dangers lurk.

And we are able to maintain
The force to quell, or to sustain
The poor and needy helpless one,
Who without aid would be undone.

We will allow no adverse mind,
To overcome you, for we find
There's many ways to shield from harm,
And guard you safe from all alarm.

Now be assured that what is done,
To advance this truth, bright as the sun,
Will be for your advancement here,
So march along and have no fear.

Our plans are high, and broad, and grand,
And none of earth may understand
The many methods we employ,
That mankind may sweet peace enjoy.

Our work is beautiful to do,
Every advance brings glories new;
We work to throw aside the door,
Between the earth and the spirit shore.

THE MORNING BREAKS.

'Tis our desire to raise still higher,
The attributes of man,
To still uplift and elevate,
And spiritual thoughts to fan;

Till all mankind may beauty find,
In this grand truth we teach,
And we will work though trials lurk,
Till all men we may reach.

We find the ray from day to day,
Of truth is piercing deep,
In minds awake, knowledge to take,
To treasure and to keep.

The light grows bright, and gloom and night
Is fast receding now,
And truth and love gleam from above,
On many a mortal brow.

MSSAGE TO THE COMPILER.

When darkened conditions obstruct the full flow,
Of the pure inspiration we would send you below,
Make all as harmonious and peaceful and clear,
As it lays in your power that we may draw near.

WHY DOUBT?

BLISS.

Why doubt, oh, ye mortals and dwell in the gloom
That o'erwhelms and enshrouds you like the pall of the tomb,
When the glorious truth with its radiance bright
Is waiting to banish the dark, dreary night?

Why hang to your dogmas and cherish your creeds?
This truth that we offer will fill all your needs;
The blessing of a knowledge of this life past the grave
From sorrow and grieving would every one save.

Come out of your dogmas and walk in the light,
Break away from your creeds, see the truth flashing bright,
Leave all superstitions and old theories gray
And bask in the light of the glorious day.

MESSAGE TO L.

Are you walking in darkness and dwelling in gloom?
Are you weeping for those you must lay in the tomb?
Are you grieving to lose the one dear to your heart?
Are you silently mourning because you must part?

Don't you know, my dear friend, that you need not to sigh,
And grieve that the friend you loved dearly must die?
For you may communion hold daily with him,
For you there's reunion—let not tears your eyes dim.

We know 'tis a grief to part with a mortal,
But oh, the relief now he's passed heaven's portal;
The pain that destroyed his rest and his slumbers,
Will afflict him no more—now with angels he numbers.

JUSTICE.

What a grand word it is—what a thing to be hoped for,
What a glorious day if this word ruled mankind;
What a blessing 'twould be if 'twere ever upheld,
And if never aught else were in weak mortals mind.

But oh, 'tis enough to discourage the strongest,
And draw tears of blood from the hardest of hearts,
To see how little of justice is given
To those who through life take the most trying parts.

No wonder so many have fallen by the wayside,
The great wonder is that more do not fall,
When reward for their effort is ever denied them;
All they ask for is Justice, but vain is their call.

You find jealousy, and envy, and malice abound
In our beautiful land: Why should such be the case?
When with Justice for all what a heaven 'twould be found;
He who helps this great cause elevates the whole race.

Why should we not take for our motto the word
Justice, and practice the doctrine we preach,
And henceforth ne'er let envy or malice be heard,
But Justice forever be given to each.

Let us think ere we speak in the future, my friends,
And let Justice rule; let us see how it works;
Give to each one you meet what this motto demands,
And avoid all the wrong that in injustice lurks.

'Tis all that you need to make life a pleasure;
So demand for yourself, at the same time give all
No less than Justice, you find 'tis a treasure
That will bring joy sublime, then ne'er again fall

Into the old rut-holes of envy and malice,
But give Justice to all, true worth 'twill not hurt,
And those who can't stand it why, let them do better,
If they won't mend their ways leave them in the dirt.

Then let's take the word Justice and frame it in gold,
And live up to its teachings so noble and high,
And then this world's pleasures will be double-fold,
And we gain a bright future when our end here draws nigh

DANGERS OF IGNORANCE.

Oh why should not the blessing
Of peace and love be ours?
Why should we not be able
To cull life's sweetest flowers?
Why should not joy and happiness,
Crown all our days and hours?

We make our own lot here below,
Bright or dismal, great or small;
We have the chances as we go
To take the joy, or leave the gall,
We only reap as we have sown,
By our own acts stand or fall.

Let every one who would avoid
The bogs and mists that rise
In the path of life take knowledge,
To help them to the skies;
And avoid the path of danger,
That in ignorance ever lies.

The inward light of an honest heart,
Is worth more than any high place
That is bought at a sacrifice of worth,
Though it win for us the race.

UNIVERSITY

COMMENCE THE WORK AT HOME.

Oh, when shall truth and justice,
Be the ruling powers on earth?
When shall malice and hatred
Give place to traits of greater worth?
When shall all evil be extinct,
And universal love have birth?

Not while in ignorance we walk,
And grovel in the dust;
Not while our grandest powers,
With disuse are left to rust;
Not while we give our lives' best hours
To indolence and lust.

We must all be up and doing,
Everyone must do their share
To bring about the change desired;
Not one but must some burden bear,
The smallest and the greatest
Have each a crown to wear.

But all must work to *earn* the crown,
What better way to gain
A blissful life hereafter,
Than to try with might and main
To disperse the clouds of malice and hate,
That have caused so much of pain.

"The world is what we make it,"
Has been truly said before;
And if each one would do their share,
Truth and justice to restore,
To the highest place in every heart,
They never need do more.

Do you realize that you and I
Are a portion of the whole?
And when we start a work like this
Love and truth should fill the soul?
So you see we need not go so far,
To find the work which is our goal.

Let everyone do all they can,
To banish unjust thought
From their own minds, and not till then
Try to accomplish aught
With others, lest the very wrong
They would avert, be wrought.

To everyone is given to make
Or mar another's life;
We are a burden or a joy,
Bring blessings, or bring strife;
So, on our own shortcomings
Let us use the pruning knife.

We have no need to travel
To far-off distant land;
We should for love and justice,
Take a firm, decided stand;
Everyone among us will find work
Ready at either hand.

SPIRIT POWER.

Message to the Compiler.

When we see the wonderous power,
That is ever shown to men,
We grieve to think the hour
Finds them so dense, and then
We strive to lift the cloud,
That hovers o'er their brain,
But though we cry aloud,
They hear not the refrain.

'Tis ignorance of truth
That holds them still in thrall;
The teachings of their youth
Are against them; when we call
Their ears are closed of reason,
Their minds are in a daze,
They think mediums' words are treason
And they still tread dark pathways.

You must strive and struggle ever
To uplift your fellowman;
We bid you falter never,
But do for them all you can,
To bring them to the light
Of the wonderous truth you know;
Let your knowledge flash out bright,
Help all men as you go.

When you have done your best
To enlighten your small sphere,
You may safely trust the rest
To your spirit friends; don't fear
That we ever will forsake you,
Or leave you all alone;
We will be constant to you,
So "be ye not cast down."

FRAGMENT.

Why will ye sigh, and sob, and moan?
Why will ye weep, and cry, and groan
For those who've had their soul's promotion,
For those who have escaped commotion,
Vexations, grievances, and trials,
Who now are free from self denials?
They are to be congratulated,
Grieve for them no more.

WORDS OF CHEER.

How dear are the loved ones,
We leave in their sorrow;
How hard 'tis to witness their poignant grief,
How we try to impress them
With hopes for the morrow,
And try to assuage and give them relief.

How blest that the dawn
In full splendor is bursting;
How joyous to know that the gloom of the night
Is breaking, and loved ones
For knowledge are thirsting,
Of those whom the tomb has enclosed from their sight.

The bonds of the casket
Holds nothing but ashes,
The soul has outridden the tempest-tossed sea,
The spirit through bright realms
Of glory now flashes,
And hastes to return to bring comfort to thee.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done,
The grand old sun
Has set in clouds of blue;
And now the stars—
Venus and Mars,
Come brightly peeping through.

Now let us walk,
And have a talk,
  Of glories bright and fair.
Of lands unseen,
And friends I ween,
  Who wait us everywhere.

The starry night,
With moon so bright,
  Is just the time to try
Knowledge to gain,
Of those who reign,
  Amid the radiant sky.

The powers are strong,
When nights are long,
  And the moon shines bright and clear;
So come with me,
And we will see,
  Our loved ones who are near.

Let's watch and wait,
The open gate,
  Will soon be left ajar,
And through will go
To those below,
  Some spirit from afar.

Then let us stand,
And see the band,
  Of spirits pure and fair,
Who will emerge,
With softest dirge,
  Descend the golden stair.

Some radiance sweet
Falls round our feet,
  As pass the spirit band;
Some love divine,
Will round us shine,
  If we but patient stand.

Then linger here,
The loved ones dear,
Will soon reward our loss,
For the short space,
We leave our place,
And lay aside the cross.

We'll watch and wait,
For the open gate,
Nor miss the glorious sight
That noise and din,
And wine and sin,
Would our clear vision blight.

BE GUARDED IN YOUR SPEECH.

Think well, before you venture
To speak an unkind word;
For who can tell the harm 'twill do,
When the wrong has once been heard?

Remember than an evil word,
Once spoken of another,
Can never be recalled again;
So all unkind thoughts, smother.

Ever let kindness rule your tongue,
And rather than blame give praise;
'Twill give fresh hope to old or young.
And cheer them through life,s stormy days.

In every walk of life we find
Grim sorrow and distress;
None here are free from trials,
Pure happiness do none possess.
The trials here we undergo,
Are furnaces our souls to try,
And like pure gold who stands the test,
Great recompense do surely buy.

ROCK OF AGES—WITH VARIATIONS.

"Rock of Ages!" oh, how blest,
When the soul is given rest,
Is the thought 'tis cleft for me;
How sublime! To friends we flee,
Not into oblivion pass,
Not to wait for Rome's high mass,
Not to be condemned to hell,
Not to be consigned to dwell
Neath the bowels of the earth,
But to grander life, have have birth.
Out of darkness into light,
Out of troubled, gloomy night,
To the grand eternal day,
Where our brightest treasures lay.
"Rock of Ages!" oh, how grand,
When on this "other shore" we stand;
When the water we have crossed,
When we've joined the loved and lost,
"When the storm of life is past,"
Sheltered safe from every blast,
There to dwell for evermore
On this bright and glorious shore.
With the spirits pure and bright,
Clothed in radiance, love and light;
With the power to help the friends
That we love; the heart still bends,
To this land where loved ones dwell;
We would help them to do well,
That though the tempest round them roar,
We may guide them safe to this bright shore.

AN ADDRESS

TO MR. WELLS, OF SAN FRANCISCO, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS 54TH BIRTHDAY.

Our instrument desires
That we should give you greeting,
In honor of the day
And occasion of your meeting.

As she is ever ready
And willing to obey,
We come to please her now,
And to you, friends, would say,

You never need to call
Upon your friends in vain,
For 'tis our greatest happiness
To share your joy or pain.

* * * * * *

We are most happy to observe
That you are in the light,
And need not grope in darkness
Of superstition's night.

The light is breaking full
And bright o'er all the land,
And you who help the blind to see,
Shall have reward most grand.

Each effort that you make, friends,
To uphold the light of truth,
Is credited unto you here—
In this land of eternal youth.

We say eternal youth, friends,
  Because in spirit life
We do not feel the weight of time,
  As you do in the earth life.

* * * * * *

We understand this gathering
  Is in honor of the day,
Of the commencement of the journey,
  O'er the mortal road of clay.

Of this our friend and brother,
  And our wishes for him are
That he may continue to the end,
  Ne'er depressed by griet or care.

And to the partner of his joys,
  Through the journey of earth life,
May she be blessed and happy,
  And know no care nor strife.

For her a crown is waiting,
  Reward for work well done;
And may you all receive the same,
  When your earthly race is run.

A word of advice we give, friends,
  Be patient, steadfast, true,
And garner all the knowledge—
  That it lays in your power to do.

Hold high the banner, brothers,
  And sisters of the light,
That ye may reap as ye have sown,
  Reward most full and bright.

'Tis only a glimpse you've seen, friends,
  Compared to what's in store;
There's blessings to be poured upon
  This earth from shore to shore.

Watch for the breaking of the day—
You've seen but the early morn—
Not long have you to wait, friends
We give but a hint to warn

You of the glorious sunrise,
That shall burst upon your gaze,
And a cloud of radiance divine
Will flood the remaining days,

Of those who have been faithful,
And constant to the cause,
And followed ever patiently
Through the maze of spirit laws.

We will not tire your patience
With a longer essay, friends,
But wish you all *true* happiness,
Till your journey on earth ends.

Being asked if I was a medium, I, through modesty, answered no; and was immediately controlled to write the following lines.

Doubt not your power; deny no gift;
Now comes the hour when through the rift,
Comes gleams of light from this bright shore,
Where care and strife can grieve no more.

You shall be kept in rapport sweet,
With those who love with you to meet;
And through yourself shall health and peace,
In bounteous streams flow and not cease.

You are for us an instrument,
And with you we are well content;
We are reorganizing you,
So keep yourself to duty true.

PROMISES OF GUIDANCE.

Message to the Compiler.

Do not mistake your mission,
  Do that which you know is right;
You shall have the strength that's needed,
  And darkness shall change to light.

Do not give up your teaching,
  Of the little truth you know,
And unto you shall be given,
  Encouragement as on you go.

There never is an effort made
  So do the best you know,
But help is sent you from this side,
  To cheer your way below.

With all your study and research,
  You'd fill your mind with proof
That death is only second birth;
  Tell this to all beneath your roof.

You shall ever be attended
  By those who have the power,
To use your organism
  When the time comes—and the hour.

So never think that you can fail
  For lack of friends at hand,
We will put words into your mouth,
  Convincing, sublime, and grand.

Then ever upward march along,
  Till your time ends there below,
You shall continue on this side,
  Your spirit friends say so.

GIVE ME THE ETERNAL TRUTH.

NOTE.—Although many of these verses appear to have been written by myself (the following, for example) still I have been under spirit influence at the time of writing, without which I am unable to write at all.—Compiler.

'Tis ever in pleasure's paths
You'll find both folly and mirth;
But something more than this I'd have—
Something of far greater worth;

Give me the *eternal truth*,
To nurture my soul upon;
Something that after youth,
Will stand to build a future on.

Let me a knowledge gain,
That I may surely know,
That through eternity we reign,
Progressing ever as we go.

But this I know already,
Yet still I'm not at rest;
For I would know the way to live,
To gain a future blest.

I would not roam in darkness,
Through ages after this,
But I would shape my life that I,
All darkness drear might miss.

I would that I should cross
The stream but to return,
And give to those who feel my loss,
Who for my presence yearn,

Sure evidence of the life beyond,
To strengthen them and cheer
Their travels through this world of strife,
And guide them to a brighter sphere.

If I were sure that I had earned
This blessed boon I crave,
I think I then could be resigned
To lay the body in the grave.

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

Message to the Compiler.

Oh, cease your repining for the days that have flown;
For never, no never, can one day return;
But make for yourself a future more bright,
O'erflowing with wisdom—and shut out the night
That has you enshrouded in darkness so drear;
Make each future day shine out bright and clear.

Leave all darkness and doubt behind you forever,
Live up to your highest and noblest endeavor,
And never heed those who would hold you in chains,
For every day lost will but add to your pains.
Be thou ever seeking the best, wisest course,
And you will gain strength from your own spirit force.

The troubles that now in your pathway loom drear,
May seem overwhelmning—have never a fear
For you will surmount all the stumbling blocks strewn
In your path to the heaven that to you has been shown
Keep thou ever steadfast and firm as a rock,
And use every chance to step over the block
That closes the portal to your future so grand
You have no need to fear—strong friends have you in hand.

TIME THE HEALER.

Whene'er you see tears in a brother's eye,
You should make an attempt those teardrops to dry.
And ever be ready to give a bright smile,
For it is a great blessing sad hearts to beguile.

If there's pain in your own heart don't give it a chance
But quench and subdue it; or e'en let the lance
Cut deeper and deeper; but still let your smile
Cover the wound it makes, and have courage the while.

There's not one among us but who has to keep
Some wound of the heart; the most wise cover deep,
And ne'er let the sore spot be observed by the nearest
Or most cherished ones of the heart; e'en the dearest

May not gaze on the rupture disappointments may bring,
So over the seared heart glad songs we will sing,
And by trying to cheer up the sad ones we meet
We cover still deeper the sore spot; we will greet

Each friend with a cheering and comforting word,
And ne'er of our own pain let a sentence be heard,
And by this same method we gradually subdue
The pain we may suffer, for time 'tis most true,

Is the only sure remedy for sickness of heart;
So let's each gather courage, bear bravely our part,
Till time has given all the solace and care
That is possible on earth, then comes rest "over there."

A PROPHECY.

Message to the Compiler.

Oh, the twenty-fourth of May,
It will be a happy day,
  For then will all your strife be over, past;
Oh, the song of joy we'll sing,
Like the birds upon the wing,
  For the happiness that comes to you will last.

Keep a steady heart and hand,
Those around you in your band
  Have done much to make your happiness complete;
With success we have been crowned,
You shall be honored and renowned,
  And with love and joy your life shall be replete.

ONE VIEW OF HEAVEN.

A most monotonous thing for me
  Would be to sit forever,
And play a harp of gold and see
  No other, greater pleasure.

To walk around on golden pave,
  Through eternity would be trying;
Or even in silver founts to lave,
  And care not for another's sighing.

To sit and gaze upon a throne,
  With never a thought of others left
Behind us in a dreary home,
  With hearts by grief and sorrow cleft.

'Twould be no heaven to me to leave
All thoughts of others far behind,
To give up all my friends of earth,
To leave them all without some kind,

Of sweet assurance of reunion,
To help them ever onward here,
And hold with them some sweet communion,
To cheer them through the earthly sphere.

Such occupation would not be
A heaven to any such as we,
Who have at heart the good of all,
Who would not have another fall.

No! may the privilege be mine,
To come and comfort those in tears,
And shed a ray of light, divine,
And by my presence banish fears.

This would be heaven—this would be joy,
To cheer the loved we leave behind;
This would be bliss without alloy;
Thank God—this heaven we may find.

JUSTICE.

'Tis a theme long sung
By many a tongue,
And worn to shreds they say;
But amid the din
Of sorrow and sin
Injustice still holds sway.

You may reach the north pole,
Or the home of the soul,
But justice on earth to mankind,
Is hidden so deep—
In self interest steeped,
'Twill be long before it you will find.

THE BIRDS.

A SONG.

The birds—how fine a life they lead,
So free from toil and care;
They soar around the whole day long,
No burdens need they bear.

But yet, I'd rather bear my load
Of care, and toil, and strife,
Than be a nonentity on earth,
And lead a useless life.

Give me a life that's ever full,
Of care, or grief, or labor,
And I will cull some comfort yet,
If I can help my neighbor.

So little birds—go on your way;
I do not envy you,
You can't begin to live and love,
As it's given us to do.

FRAGMENT.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be sad,
When assured of a future so bright?
Mourn not o'er the present, but ever be glad,
That after the darkness comes light.

The mortal career is only to put,
The spirit upon the right road,
'Tis here that it takes its first infant steps,
And strength will be given for the load.

AN ADDRESS

TO MOSES HULL.

In days of olden time long past,
When Gods the earth-plain walked,
When they with men commingled,
And with us mortals talked,
You deemed it nothing strange
That such things happened then;
But *now* 'tis said that spirits
May not commune with men.

Who were these Gods you read of
But spirits of mankind?
They once dwelt in the body,
Surely clear proof you find
That the Jehovah was himself
A king upon the hills
Of Egypt—and his armies
Those ancient histories fill.

Jehovah, great, almighty!
The title is well earned;
For the progression he has made—
The grand truths he has learned—
Do well entitle him to hold
The name of God and King;
And nations who may know his will,
May with rejoicing sing.

But, should one man, though he be king,
Control vast masses now?
And to his scepter and his word
Should you submission vow?
When progress is your watchword
And truth your beacon-light
Should you allegience swear to those
Who *did not* win the fight?

Why should not *my God*, and *thy God*,
And *their* God also share
The glories of the realms above
Where all is bright and fair?
Shall you one master recognize
As Lord, and God, and King,
When myriad hosts of spirits bright,
To you sweet incense bring?

You daily need and do receive
The counsel and advice,
Of spirits of the brightest kind,
Who all are free from vice;
Who are well versed in all things great,
And noble, and divine,
And o'er your daily wanderings,
They cause bright lights to shine.

If, in the ages past and gone,
When ignorance did abound,
If spirits then could manifest,
(They small advantage found)
Why should we not with you commune
Now in the dawn of day?
Why should you not have counsel
In all you do and say?

Progression is your watchword,
And it is ours as well;
And happy are we to observe
You have discarded hell,
And the fire and brimstone bug-a-boo
'Twas needed not long since,
But now your hard-shell baptists
Are placed astride the fence.

I was one of that sect myself,
When on earth I did dwell;
And I did much good I must admit
By frightening men with hell.
But now the light of reason
Has shown the fallacy,
Of such gigantic bug-a-boos—
I must have changed my policy.

However, personal remarks
Are not in order now;
I wish to show why men to-day,
Need not to one God bow;
I stand in place of God to-night
To this my instrument,
And through whose pliant organism
These words to you are sent.

We've done for her a wondrous work,
And yet she does not know
How much such tools are needed,
To perfect our plans below.
My son, her father soon shall be
Her God upon this side;
And in his love and wisdom,
She shall henceforth abide.

'Tis well to show to those you reach,
That theory does not do;
They must have facts, they must have proof,
To illumine their path below.
As you have said the foe of men,
The devil was their friend,
Who is responsible for you,
Who to the earth did send.

Not only for you but for me,
And many million souls—
And what employed the loving god
He did not this control?
He knew that sin was impregnate
In every mother's child;
Could justice, love and mercy,
And power, be thus defiled.

Those fairy stories of the past
Were fitted to the men
Who needed to be kept in fear,
Of hell and devils then.
But such progression has been made
By those on earth to-day,
That you can well dispense with all,
But the truth's grand, brilliant ray.

Now Moses, we will end this talk,
With wishes kind and good,
May every step of your onward walk
Be guided as they should,
By Gods of light and wisdom,
And power divine and sweet,
And when you cross the mystic stream,
With you I hope to meet.

PEACE, PROSPERITY AND LOVE

Peace, prosperity, and love,
Are blessings given from above;
And many times we might have all
These treasures, which are at our call.

To buy them gold will not suffice,
Nor any other base device;
A life of pure and noble aim,
Is surest these delights to gain.

To have a peaceful life we must,
Consider self as last, not first;
Be not too quick to assert our views,
But give to others their just dues.

To gain prosperity we must be,
Alert the chances of life to see;
No mean advantage must we take,
Or peace will not be in our wake.

Then, love, the grandest of the three,
How shall we gain and cherish thee?
By ever keeping heart and mind
Steadfast and true, and ever kind.

Each action of our lives should be
From every vice and evil free;
Honor and truth should be our guide,
That pure love may with us abide.

TO MRS. JULIA SCHLESINGER.

Editor "CARRIER DOVE," San Francisco, Cal.

Brave worker so patient and faithful,
So steadfast, so constant and true,
There's a glorious recompense waiting,
A diadem rare is for you.

You garnered well after the reapers,
You gathered rich stores of ripe wheat,
You have treasured the grain in good measures,
Your reward shall be full and complete.

No sluggard art thou, sister Julia,
No drone in the hive hast thou been;
But morning and evening, like Martha,
At thy labors hast ever been seen.

And thy labors have been well directed;
Not lost is one effort of thine;
So patience, thy jewels now waiting,
In thy crown resplendent shall shine.

Faithful mother, kind friend, sweet companion,
Brave champion of woman art thou,
No need to say to thee, be faithful,
Thou can'st not be other than true.

H. B. S.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LOVE RULES NOT YET.

'Tis said love rules the world,
So all poets have ever sung;
But have not those selfsame poets
By envy and malice been stung?

Have not the greatest and best
Been condemned, and counted naught,
Have not their journeys here on earth
With trials and hardships been fraught?

The grandest and best have had
To suffer for others' short sight;
And seldom till the grave closed o'er them
Have our heroes been judged aright.

Think of the many martyrs
Who've suffered, bled and died,
From "The Master"—he of Nazareth,
With the sword thrust in his side,

Down to the present ages,
Then say you love holds sway;
Ah, no—but cruel hatred
Still clouds the brightest day.

Not yet does love hold empire,
Not yet has love full sway,
But hope on, trust on, mortals,
For it will rule yet, some day.

ADVICE FROM THE GUIDES OF THE COMPILER.

Woulds't know why darkness
Hovers like a pall
Round all thy days,
And rays
Of light can not pierce through?
Renew
Thy bonds with men,
And then
The night thou'lt see
Shall be
So dense and dark
No spark
Of light shall filter through
To you.
If thou would'st walk aright
In light,
And keep a tranquil mind,
You'll find
You must take no rash vow;
For now
You need not mortal ties;
You rise
Above the common grade.
You've made
A compact to be great,
And late
It is to falter now.
Take no vow
To man, for we have work
Where dangers lurk.

If thou be not quite free
To see
The path before thy feet,
So, meet
Thy labors still alone,
Nor moan
That such must be the case.
Retrace
Thy steps and gaze
O'er the ways
Thy feet have trod, and learn
To turn
To those who by your side
To guide,
Stand waiting to advance
Each chance
Of happiness to you.
When time has passed
And cast
The last cloud from your life,
And strife
And turmoil have receded quite,
And night
Has given place to day—
With morn's bright sun
Comes one
Who will be strong and true;
Then you
Shall have the word to rove
Through peaceful groves,
And linger in the heaven
That's given
To you to recompense your labor.
But until then,
All men
Must from your side
Abide.

That time is not yet come
For some
Must see and feel the power
Of the hour;
And to you, the instrument
Is sent
Command to do the will
Of those
Who instill
Into your mind the thought
To be wrought.
So we, your guides command
That you stand
Free from every band;
Until, our work being done
('Tis but begun)
We have no further need
Then we recede,
And give you liberty and freedom
To enjoy
Without alloy
The pleasures we now withhold.

TO MRS. SCOTT BRIGGS.

Thy sands of life are nearly run,
  Yet sweetest roses bloom for thee;
And in thy crown shall blossom bright,
  The flowers of immortality.

You've been a light unto the world;
  Spirit and mortal breathe your name
With love and gratitude, and find
  Their joy in heralding your fame.

The harvest soon will garnered be,
  And you will wonder at the end,
To find the crop has yielded more
  Good fruit than you could comprehend

Still shall you add unto your store
  Treasures of earth and heaven too;
And when you join us on this side,
  You'll realize the good you do?

Although the cup is nearly drained,
  And emptied are the dregs of dearth;
Still happy hours shall be your lot,
  Ere you shall leave the things of earth.

Ere then, shall you hear voices sweet,
  Breathe melodies into your ear;
And you shall *see* the friends you love,
  And talk with them—so have no fear.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

For blessings yet shall crown your days—
Your great desire shall be fulfilled;
And through your patience shall the rays
Of light and beauty be distilled.

Work on; hope on; dear friend, so bright;
"Enjoy life's pleasures while you may,"
For you on this side there's no night,
But blissful, brilliant, perfect day.

NOTE.—The following words were given as a warning, and the trial came just six weeks from the day the message was received. These lines are published merely as a proof of the ability of our spirit friends to look into the future and give us warning of coming events.

A WARNING.

Grieve not for what must come;
Do not be cast down;
There are bright days before you yet,
There's honor and renown.

Though you must pass through fire and flood,
You shall not be o'erthrown;
Forever will we stand by you—
So do not sigh and moan.

You'll have six weeks of comfort yet,
Then comes your hour of woe,
And after that the clouds will break,
And all will be joy with you.

So brace yourself for the coming strife
And buckle on your armor bright,
And make a stand for liberty,
And banish all the gloomy night.

WHY SHOULD MORTAL MOURN?

O, calm is the rest of the mortal
When all is ended on earth,
When the spirit has joined the immortal,
And left this land of gloom and dearth,
That ever oppresses poor wanderers
Through this weary "vale of tears."
The spirit has gone to realms of light,
Ended now are her cares and fears.

O, tell me not to mourn theose
Who have led a good life here;
Happy are they when day shall close,
For they go to a brighter sphere.
But I would mourn for those they leave,
Who their presence will sadly miss,
Who for their friendship will deeply grieve:
Yes, I would mourn for this.

Even for this we need not mourn,
For we have proof sufficient
That the spirits of our friends return,
That their aid is most efficient.
So why should mortal mourn at all?
The change called death is life;
Full and complete and beautiful,
And free from all care and strife,

MEDIUMITIC QUALITIES.

In every child of earth there lies,
More strength and power than meets the eyes,
Each one possesses unseen force,
Though many know not whence the source.

Take Up the Cross.

"Take up the cross and follow me."
These words steal o'er my brain;
Though busy with the cares of life,
I still hear this refrain.

The morning breaks, the day wears on,
Night falls on land and sea.
And yet, me hears, "take up the cross
And follow after me."

If thou would'st wear the crown of life
And immortality,
Take thou the cross, and follow in
The path marked out for thee.

This message comes at morn and eve,
At home, or in the street;
I read it in each stranger's face,
That I may chance to meet.

Take up thy cross—I'll heed the words;
More like *thee* try to be.
I'll take the cross, and wear the crown;
I'll follow after thee.

Justice.

One year ago I was a skeptic, having been brought up under the shadow of the pulpit, my dear father having been a Baptist minister, and a very zealous worker in that field. By my marriage I was brought in close contact with Catholicism, consequently I have had great opportunity to study the various creeds.

I had never been satisfied with the dogmas taught in the churches, as from a child I had been looking for justice, and could not find it there.

The doctrines unfolded condemn so many to eternal perdition which, to me, at once destroyed the theory of a kind and loving "All Father."

The great wonder to me is that so many apparently sensible people go on, day after day, preaching this contradiction without seeming to realize that it is a contradiction.

Why, the whole fabric is rent to atoms when it is brought under the consideration of a mind unwarped by prejudice, and open to the light of reason.

If all who are in the churches to-day upholding the doctrine of eternal damnation and everlasting hell fire on one hand, and on the other trying to show that God is just, loving and all-merciful—I say, if they would only realize the utter senselessness of their teaching, they would drop one end of their argument in order to uphold the other as any rational being can see that the two *cannot* go hand in hand.

Now the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism does away with all these contradictions and gives sublime justice to all—to every individual.

What more can we ask? What more ever has been asked? Justice, why it is the sum total of our wants, aspirations, and desires. The whole world is paying out uncounted thousands daily in the hope of obtaining justice. If we could only obtain justice we would find the earth a veritable paradise. Look at it however you please, it is all any one can ask for. The grandest, noblest of mankind can ask no more—the lowest and most degraded can not cry out against it. It is the one thing to live for, to pray for, and even to lay aside the mortal garb for. Think of it that grand word, justice!

If mortals were sure of justice it would forever put an end to all vile deeds. We would no longer have need of the penitentiary, of the workhouse, of the guardians of the peace; every man, woman, and child would have fresh aspirations, stronger incentives to do good if they had a positive knowledge that Justice would be given them.

How many a faithful, hard working brother and sister have sunk under the load of injustice which has been heaped upon them.

How many a grand idea, how many a noble work has been crushed in its infancy through the sense of injustice sure to follow the impulses of the kind, true heart. How many poor mortals have lived in untold misery all their lives under this same sense of injustice.

Give us Spiritualism, for with Spiritualism only can we hope for justice. Spiritualism is truth. Truth is justice. Can you imagine the glorious loveliness of our fair land if it were ruled by justice? It would do away with every unkind, uncharitable thought; then indeed the word *evil* need no longer be used.

Let us advocate the cause of Spiritualism then, for only in this truth can we hope for justice here and hereafter.

Some one says, what of those who would suffer if they were to receive justice? I answer thus: If it were known of a surety that justice followed every act, then all would keep their lives pure and clean—hence the happiness sure to follow the full knowledge of this truth.

Yours for truth and justice,

JENNIE RENNELL.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA